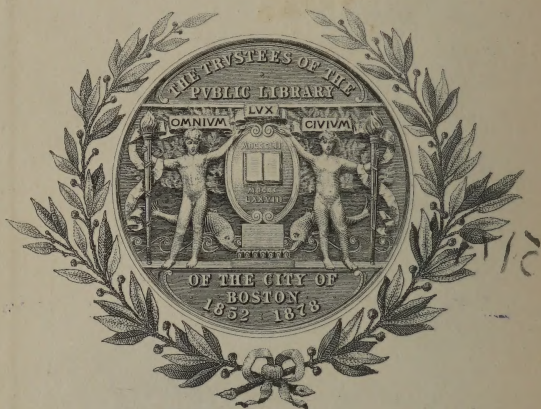




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WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION,

BY THE

HINGHAM AND WEYMOUTH
ANTI SLAVERY SOCIETIES.
IN HINGHAM,

AUGUST 1, 1842.

ORIGINAL HYMN FOR THE 1st OF AUGUST.

BY MISS M. L. GARDNER.

Is there one here within whose soul
Lingers a spark of Freedom's fire,
One, who would boast with honest pride
The spirit of his patriot sire,
One, who would scorn the tyrant's rod,
The iron yoke and galling chain,
Who will not swell the joyous song
That comes to-day across the main?

List! list! the wind exulting bears
The thrilling note upon its wing;
Eight hundred thousand ransomed souls
The inspiring song of Freedom sing.
Long had they bowed beneath the yoke,
Long "weltered in a living grave,"—
Their chains are broke, and Britian's isles
Now bear no impress of a slave.

Wake! wake the chorus! shall their shout
Upon New England's hill-tops die,
Where Freedom first with trumpet tone
Sent forth her wild and fearless cry?
No! let it ring o'er hill and vale,
From Greenland to the southern plain,
Where even now the soil is cursed
By Slavery's dark and hateful stain.

Family of
William Lloyd Garrison
July 8, 1899.

O, Father ! may thy word go forth,
 From India to the western sea,
 Till millions now in dreadful thrall,
 Can swell the anthem of the Free ;—
 Till over Afric's sable race,
 No more is waved oppression's rod,—
 And man no longer dares for gold
 To sell the image of his God.

HYMN.

The hour of freedom ! come it must—
 Oh ! hasten it in mercy, Heav'n !
 When all who grovel in the dust,
 Shall stand erect, their fetters riv'n.

When glorious freedom shall be won
 By ev'ry caste, complexion, clime ;
 When tyranny shall be o'erthrown,
 And *color* cease to be a *crime* !

Friend of the poor, long-suff'ring, Lord !
 This guilty land from ruin save ;
 Let Justice sheathe her glitt'ring sword,
 And Mercy rescue from the grave.

And ye, who are like cattle sold,
 Ignobly trodden like the earth,
 And barter'd constantly for gold—
 Your souls debas'd from their high birth—

Bear meekly still your cruel woes,
 Light follows darkness—comfort, pain ;
 So time shall give you sweet repose,
 And sever ev'ry hateful chain.

Wm. L. Garrison.

HYMN.

My country ! 'tis of thee,
 Strong hold of slavery,
 Of thee I sing :
 Land where my fathers died,
 Where men man's rights deride,
 From every mountain side,
 Thy deeds shall ring.

My native country ! thee,
 Where all men are born free,
 If white their skin :
 I love thy hills and dales,
 Thy mounts and pleasant vales,
 But hate thy negro sales,
 As foulest sin.

Let wailing swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 The black man's wrong :
 Let every tongue awake,
 Let bond and free partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God :—to Thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Soon may our land be bright,
 With holy freedom's right,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

HYMN.

See the car of freedom speeding
 Onward with resistless force,
 Clear the way whate'rs impeding,
 Onward, speed it in its course :
 Speed it onward
 In its circle round the earth.

Lo, a brighter day is dawning
 On our country, on the world ;
 Hearts long-riven cease their mourning,
 Where thy banners are unfurl'd :
 Wave thy banners
 Where oppression's darts are hurl'd.

Rise New England's sons and daughters,
 Put your shoulder to the wheel ;
 Jesus by example taught us
 For our neighbors' woes to feel :
 Let his spirit
 Prompt us all their wounds to heal.

Soon shall every earth-bound nation
 See the sun of freedom rise,
 Vale and mount shall be its station,
 Whither all shall turn their eyes.
 Haste the era,
 When shall cease the bondman's sighs.

HYMN.

Ye heralds of freedom! ye noble and brave,
 Who dare to insist on the rights of the slave;
 Go onward, go onward, your cause is of God,
 And He will soon sever the oppressor's strong rod.

The finger of slander may now at you point,
 That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint,
 And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,
 Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions and kingdoms and powers
 May now all oppose you, and victory is yours,
 The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,
 And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard and fight by his side,
 O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride,
 His gracious protection will be to you given,
 And bright crowns of glory He'll give you in heaven.

ORIGINAL HYMN FOR THE 1st OF AUGUST.

BY MISS ALMIRA SEYMOUR.

From Antilles* and Bahama,
 From Caribbean plains,
 Where once the panting negro
 Toiled in the tyrants' chains,
 Whence the hot air, came laden
 With groans of Slavery;
 From each palm-grove and cocoa,
 Burst anthems of the Free!

The mandate has been uttered
 By those who dared be MEN!
 The despot's bond is broken,
 Ne'er to be forged again!

* Pronounced with two syllables, *Antilz*.

They who deny a people,
 Nature, or name of man,
 Stand awed at recollection
 Of *Hayti* and *TOUSSAINT* !

And proud, o'er-powering England,
 The crushed ones' wo-wail heard ;
 Her heart, so stern and stoic,
 By justice's cry was stirred ;
 She bade her shackled millions
 Far o'er the broad blue sea,
 Shake off their *body-bondage*,
 And take the *name* of Free.

And we who boast a freedom,
 The gift of the Most High
 To every soul created—
 Shall we that gift deny
 To millions of His children,
 In our own likeness made,
 Save that a sun more torrid,
 Dyes them a darker shade ?

Shame ! shame ! dishonoured country—
 Alas ! *my* native land—
 There's blood upon thy banner,
 And on thy sin-soiled hand—
 Thy proud bird's beak is gory ;
 With thy own life-blood red :
 Come down from thy high station,
 With dust upon thy head !

In sackcloth and in ashes,
 Mourn for thy loathsome sin :
 —Thy victim's stain is outward
 Thine is deep, *deep within*—
 Then rouse thy sons to action,
 As roused their sires of old ;
 Ere St. Domingo's story
 Of this fair land be told !

'Till from the Rocky Mountains
 To the Atlantic shore,
 Through state and territory,
 Thy broad possessions o'er,

Each spot of soil by Freedom's
 Unshackled foot is trod :
 And each heart owns its "*birth-right*"—
 Gift of Impartial God !

SONG.

Oh the world from its trance is awaking ;
 With the spring of regenerate youth,
 And the error-freed people are slaking
 Their thirst at the fountain of truth.
 Oh ! the canker-worm, custom, was eating
 Its way through the veins of the age,
 Till man, like the wild-bird, seemed beating
 His breast on the bars of the cage.

Hark ! a voice to the nations hath spoken
 In tones that have startled the world :—
 Let the dark chain of error be broken,
 Let Liberty's flag be unfurled.
 For time and progressive opinion
 Shall conquer where cohorts shall fail,
 And freedom assert her dominion ;
 Hail Freedom, Hail Freedom, all hail.

HYMN.

It comes, the joyful day,
 When tyranny's proud sway,
 Stern as the grave,
 Shall to the ground be hurled,
 And freedom's flag, unfurled,
 Shall wave, throughout the world,
 O'er every slave.

Trump of glad jubilee !
 Echo o'er land and sea
 Freedom for all.
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And every tribe reply,
 'Glory to God on high,'
 At Slavery's fall.

ORIGINAL HYMN FOR THE 1st OF AUGUST.

BY WM. L. GARRISON.

Lo ! the bondage of ages has ceased !
 The chains of the tyrant are riven !
 No more as a chattel or beast,
 Shall man to his labor be driven :
 Where the groans and the shrieks of despair
 From heart-broken victims were heard,
 Songs of rapturous joy fill the air,
 More sweet than the notes of a bird !

Lo ! the gloom and the blackness of night
 Have suddenly vanished away,
 And all things rejoice in the light
 Of Freedom's meridian day !
 Restored to their sight are the blind—
 No longer they grope for the wall ;
 All who seek may with certainty find,
 For clear is the vision of all !

Hark ! a voice from the Isles of the Sea !
 Its echoes are heard round the world ;
 O ! joyful its message—" WE ARE FREE !"
 To the dust Oppression is hurled !
 We are free as the waves of the deep,
 As the winds that sweep o'er the earth ;
 And therefore we jubilee keep,
 And hallow the day of our birth !"

Praise, praise to the name of the Lord !
 What wonders his right hand hath done !
 How mighty and sure is his word !
 How great is the victory won !
 The power that Jehovah defied,
 In ruin and infamy lies ;—
 O, spread the intelligence wide—
 For marvellous 'tis in all eyes.

Columbia ! O, shame on thee now !
 Repent thee in ashes and dust !
 There is blood on thy hands—on thy brow—
 And thou art by slavery cursed !
 Thy millions of vassals set free,
 Away with the scourge and the rod—
 Then join with the Isles of the Sea,
 In a shout of thanksgiving to God !

HYMN.

See yon glorious star, ascending,
 Brightly o'er the Southern sea !
 Truth and peace to earth portending,
 Herald of a Jubilee !

Hail it, Freemen !
 'Tis the star of Liberty.

Dim at first—but widely spreading,
 Soon 't will burst supremely bright,
 Life and health and comfort shedding
 O'er the shades of moral night ;
 Hail it, Bondmen !
 Slavery cannot bear its light.

Few its rays,—'t is but the dawning
 Of the reign of truth and peace ;
 Joy to slaves—yet sad forewarning
 To the tyrants of our race ;
 Tremble, Tyrants !
 Soon your cruel pow'r will cease.

Earth is brighten'd by the glory
 Of its mild and peaceful rays ;
 Ransom'd slaves shall tell the story,
 See its light, and sing its praise ;
 Hail it, Christians !
 Harbinger of better days.

 HYMN FOR THE 1st OF AUGUST.

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
 Britannia hath triumphed—the Bondman is free ;
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken ;
 His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,
 Are wrenched from his grasp ; for the word was but spoken,
 And fetters and scourges were sunk in the flood ;
 Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
 Britannia hath triumphed—the Bondman is free.

Hail to Britannia—fair Liberty's isle !
 Her frown quail'd the tyrants, the slave caught her smile ;
 Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story,
 Say to the mother of mourners—" Rejoice !"

Britannia went forth, in the night of her glory ;
 And slaves sprung to men at the sound of her voice,
 Praise to the God of our fathers ;—'t was he—
 JEHOVAH—who triumph'd, Britannia ! by thee.

Montgomery.

SONG OF AN ABOLITIONIST.

I am an Abolitionist !

I glory in the name ;
 Though now by SLAVERY's minion's hissed,
 And covered o'er with shame :
 It is a spell of light and power,
 The watch-word of the free—
 Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
 A craven soul is he !

I am an Abolitionist !

Then urge me not to pause,
 For joyfully do I enlist
 In Freedom's sacred cause :
 A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
 Th' enslaved to disenthral ;
 I am a soldier for the war,
 Whatever may befall !

I am an Abolitionist—

Oppression's deadly foe ;
 In God's great strength will I resist,
 And lay the monster low ;
 In God's great name do I demand,
 To all be freedom given,
 That peace and joy may fill the land,
 And songs go up to heaven !

I am an Abolitionist !

No threats shall awe my soul,
 No perils cause me to desist,
 No bribes my acts control ;
 A freeman will I live and die,
 In sunshine and in shade,
 And raise my voice for liberty,
 Of nought on earth afraid.

 HYMN.

We ask not that the slave should lie,
 As lies his master, at his ease,
 Beneath a silken canopy,
 Or in the shade of blooming trees.

We mourn not that the man should toil :
 'Tis nature's need,—'tis God's decree ;
 But let the hand that tills the soil,
 Be, like the wind that fans it, free.

We ask not, 'eye for eye,' that all,
 Who forge the chain and ply the whip,
 Should feel their torture ; while the thrall
 Should wield the scourge of mastership.

We only ask, O God, that they,
 Who bind a brother, may relent :
 But, *Great Avenger*, we do pray
 That the wrong-doer may repent.

Pierpont.

SONG FOR THE 1st OF AUGUST.

BY WM. BASSETT.

Our grateful hearts with joy o'erflow,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 We hail the despots overthrow
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 No more he'll raise the gory lash,
 And sink it deep in human flesh
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

We raise the song in Freedom's name,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.
 Her glorious triumph we proclaim,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Beneath her feet lie Slavery's chains
 Their power to curse no more remains,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

With joy we'll make the air resound,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 That all may hear the gladsome sound,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.
 We glory at Oppression's fall,
 The Slave has burst his deadly thrall,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

In mirthful glee we'll dance and sing,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 With shouts we'll make the welkin ring,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Shout ! shout aloud, the Bondman's free !
 'This, this is Freedom's jubilee,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
 Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

ORIGINAL HYMN FOR THE 1st OF AUGUST.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Where Britannia's emerald isles
 Gem the Caribbean sea,
 And an endless summer smiles,
 Lo ! the negro thrall is free !
 Yet not on Columbia's plains
 Hath the sun of freedom risen :
 Here, in darkness and in chains
 Toiling millions pine in prison.

Shout ! ye islands disenthralled,
 Point the finger as in scorn,
 At a country that is called
 Freedom's home, where men are born
 Heirs for life to chains and whips,—
 Bondmen, who have never known
 Wife, child, parent, that their lips
 Ever dared to call their own.

Yet a *Christian* land is this ;
 Yea, and ministers of Christ
 Slavery's foot, in homage, kiss ;
 And their brother, who is priced
 Higher than their Savior, even,
 Do they into bondage sell ;
 Pleading thus the cause of Heaven,
 Serving thus the cause of Hell.

Holy Father, let thy word,
 Spoken by thy prophets old,
 By the pliant priest be heard :
 And let lips, that now are cold,
 (Touched by Mammon's golden wand)
 With our nation's "burden" glow,

Till the freeman and the bond
Shout for Slavery's overthrow!

SONG.

No boastful chorus now shall rise
To Thee, Almighty God :
Our song shall be the captive's cries
Beneath the oppressor's rod.
Oh hear them thou who hearest prayer
Oh hear them, God above,
And oh, the oppressor's heart prepare
To obey the law of love.
"They touch our shore, their shackles fall,"
Old England's glorious strain !
What answer from this land of thrall ?
The clankings of the chain.
Oh hear them, &c.
And must these clankings rend the skies,
Where we have full control ?
Must still the captive's plaints arise
In our own Capitol ?
Oh hear them, &c.

I. S. Smith.

HYMN.

Eternal Father, thou hast made
A numerous family thy care ;
Nor sable hue, nor caste nor grade
Excludes the meanest from his share.
Of kindred blood, and flesh the same,
In thy pure sight of equal worth ;
Then why should one the sceptre claim
And crush his brother to the earth ?
Why should the sighing bondman grope,
A cheerless journey to the tomb ?
No star to guide—no ray of hope
To shine upon the darksome gloom.
Wilt thou not hear, and set them free,
The down-cast slaves for whom we plead,
And make our land, as it should be,
A free and happy land indeed.

Mary Jackman.

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